

# Spell Bound

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Summary: At thirteen, Helga found herself branching out and deciding to try out to be Tinkerbell in her school's decided play, Peter Pan, the last thing she expected was to actually get Tinkerbell. Of course Helga still did ballet and incorporating that into the play was an added plus but having Arnold as a stage hand, they found themselves spell bound to each other as the play went on.

## 1. Intro

Hi lovelies, I know that I've been writing fan fictions and deleting them but I just, I wasn't up to them. The night before last I went and watched a ballet that was Peter Pan, which is my favorite story of all time and I thought that it would be cool if Helga was in a Peter Pan play and that she was Tinker Bell and Arnold worked as one of the stage hands. I was also thinking that later in the book she'll have a ballet scene anyway, please enjoy

HEY ARNOLD DOESN'T BELONG TO ME.

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## 2. Chapter One: The Beginning, of course

Disclaimer on preview

Chapter One: The Beginning, of course

It had been three years since Helga and the rest of her classmates had gone to San Lorenzo to find Arnold's parents. It had been three years since they had come across the plane wreck and discovered the two stones that had Stella and Miles Shortman etched into their little stone tombstones and it had been three years since Helga went home with Arnold and the rest of her classmates. It had been three years since Arnold kept to himself, still giving advice, but never

going out any more like he used to do so. Helga's beloved football shaped love had died a little on the inside when it came to the day that he discovered that his parents had died when he was still practically a baby. And Helga, oh Helga, she didn't have it in her heart to be mean to Arnoldâ€”so instead she was casual with him, she wasn't mean but she wasn't all giddy to talk to him. She still was rude to Harold though, along with anyone else that got in her way but she could never hurt Arnold ever again.

Helga blinked and sighed, before she turned her head from looking at her seventh grade teacher. She looked different than when she did in fourth and fifth grade. That was for sure. She wore her blonde hair down, in golden waves, but the top part of her hair had been pulled back and was held together with a pink bow. It wasn't the same as her old bow, it had been worn out before she could even try out her new hairstyleâ€”so she had put it in a little wooden box and had the key next to her heart shaped locket, which was underneath her quarter length pink blouseâ€”a blouse that fell a good bit below her butt so that she could wear a pair of leggings, which were a light baby blue. A pair of brown boots, which were originally from some great uncle of hers that passed them down to her, were on her feet but the most remarkable changes in Helga G. Pataki were the fact that she had two eyebrows now instead of one and that she actually had grown into her ears along with the little added detail that she wore a little bit of makeup here and there.

Looking out of the classroom window, Helga lightly laughed in her head when she saw that Curly was running across the blacktop with Principle Wartz chasing after himâ€”since the teenager had his little dinosaur toys he still played with. The boy, he hadn't changed much personality wise but he had changed his round glasses to a pair of red stylish glasses along with getting rid of his bowl cut hair. It was messy and out of control but it suited Curly. He wore his usual clothesâ€”the green t-shirt along with brown shorts and black tennis shoes.

"Thaddaeus!"

Ah, there was Rhonda, who was chasing after her boyfriend of three years (he had actually saved Rhonda from some poisonous creatures down in San Lorenzo which ended up causing Rhonda to get to know the real Curly and so on and so forthâ€”to basically say, she found herself falling for the 'twisted' freak), while having her black high heels tapping against the blacktop. Her black hair had fallen a little bit past her shoulder blades now and she wore a black blouse with a bright red jacket over itâ€”along with designer jeans and a pair of golden hoops in her hair. She still had her horizontal bangs and she wore makeup that easily could compete with Hollywood actresses.

"Helga Pataki, pay attention!"

Helga turned her head, seeing that the old lady that was standing in the front of the classroom had her thinly plucked eyebrows arched up and with her winkles seeming to multiply each day, the lady looked as though she needed to have retired in the nineteen eighties but Helga knew that this woman would probably be teaching well until the day that she would die.

Helga fought the urge to start cussing underneath her breath in

Japanese, one because of the fact that she didn't have the satisfaction of anyone in this classroom knowing what she was saying in the classroom other than Phoebe and the other reason was because of the fact that Phoebe was in this classroom and she would be horrified that Helga would use her ancestral language in that manner. Of course the girl should have known that Helga would, since she started teaching Helga how to speak Japanese when they were learning the English language.

Turning her head away from the teacher, who was still scowling, Helga saw that Phoebe was looking at the white board that was in the front of the classroom where she was writing down about Madame Curry and radiation, which ended up being the downfall of one of the first women scientists. Helga smiled at her though, seeing that the American-Japanese girl had a soft look across her features. Her short hair was still there but Helga had managed to buy a hair streak clip for Phoebe to put into her hair it was an electric blue and she never put it in until they were on the school bus. She wore a blue blouse that was ruffled at the top, along with dark washed jeans, and brown casual shoes. She still had on her blue glasses, even though they had been updated to a more modern look throughout the three years.

Helga sighed again, before she began to write about radiation its side effects and how it was bad on humans and all that other crap that Helga didn't care about. It wasn't like she was going to write a poem about Madame Curry, now was she?

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By the end of the class, Helga was sure that she was going to ram her head against the desk multiple times but she managed to control the urge. She instead got up from her desk and gathered her things together before she and Phoebe walked out of the classroom. She watched her class that she had grown up with walk around the hallways she found that Eugene was standing over by his locker and that he was blushing when he was talking to a boy that was in the eighth grade. He was tall and actually really handsome, and he was in Helga's ballet class. His name was Jazz and with his high cheekbones and dark green eyes and perfect teeth and messy brown hair, he was completely different than the ginger that Helga and the rest of her classmates had grown up with.

Oh, but he and Eugene did share something in common with each other: their sexuality. Lord have mercy, if one could somewhat tell that Eugene was gay, well it was completely obvious when it came to Jazz. The way he was leaning against the locker and the feminine way that he walked anyone could tell that Jazz liked the same sex. He was really nice though, and Helga enjoyed him and his company, because he was unlike most guys her age that noticed every curve and bump that was starting to become more noticeable on the girl.

Helga was walking while looking at the two of the boys without noticing that she was rounding the corner and that someone was making their way around the other side of the corner too. She ran into someone and falling on her butt, Helga went to scowl at the boy until she noticed that it was the very boy that was the reason why she was still in this hellhole of a life.

There, sprawled across the linoleum floor was Arnold Phillip Shortman

and he was moving quickly to gather up all of his work. Helga watched him, a dreamy look appearing on her features, as she saw that he was starting to grow into that oblong head of his. His hair was in the beginning stage of falling in front of his eyes instead of sticking straight up and his green eyes were still beautiful in her opinion but they had turned into a tragic but beautiful hue. That light of hope, that was ever-present, was dimming and Helga was afraid that by the time they left P.S. 118 and went to the high school in two years his warm and vibrant self would be lost forever.

Arnold had missed a paper that was off to the side, near Helga and as the boy who was still as short as ever reached forward to grab the piece of paper Helga went forward and grabbed it as soon as he did. She found that their hands were touching and that she felt her heart piddle paddle from the touch of his skin. His blue sweater still was over his plaid button up shirt but his cap was gone. She missed that cap, it was like her without a bow on. It was foreign, it felt wrong and she hated that he had lost a big chunk of himself when it came to realizing in a way he really was an orphan just like Big Bob had called Arnold those years ago.

"Here, you go, Arnold," Helga whispered and gave the paper to Arnold, who peered at her hand, and she knew that any other person would get up and scramble away when they had accidentally touched someone's hand and they handed the paper to them. Arnold blushed some though and looked at the ground before he put it on the top of his pile of papers.

"T-thanks, Helga," Arnold replied and looked up at herâ€”his green eyes catching her blue ones. Before she could reply with a, you're welcome, he reached forward and kissed her cheek before he scrambled up and ran in the other directionâ€”leaving Helga sighing happily.

"P-Phoebe?" Helga turned her head seeing that Phoebe nodded her head, and continuing what she was going to say, she spoke, "Jake Ryan has nothing on Arnold." She giggled then and got up, knowing that while other girls said that they wanted to have a Jake Ryan (from the nineteen eighties movie, Sixteen Candles), Helga was fine with her beloved football head.

### 3. Chapter Two: Broken Shelter, Indeed

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Chapter Two: Broken Shelter, Indeed

As it would turn out, Helga found herself drifting in and out of her classes. Especially math, bleh, she knew that she would have written down what Phoebe had but because of a little detail that she hated: Phoebe had eighth grade classes that were in English and Math. Yes, Helga, she could be in an advanced English class but she was going to wait until she was in high school for her to do so. For now though, she stayed in the classes where she would want to drool from the corner of her mouth. It didn't help that she would hear her phone buzz in her pocket every now and thenâ€”from the text messages that Olga would give her and then the pictures she'd send her of her pregnant belly. Yep, Olga was pregnantâ€”and surprisingly she was pregnant with twins.

Helga grimaced every time she thought about her older sister having two little mini Olgas following her around in that little Alaskan town. She imagined their blonde hair and the blue eyes that both she and Olga shared and she imagined her future tiny family members learning instruments as soon as they could walk and talk. It was enough for the girl to shiver, but she internally hoped that they would be like her brother-in-law, Jason, who was actually a well-respected journalist in the town that Olga and her husband she had married last year lived in.

So Helga sat there with her pen clicking against the desk as she found that her classmates were either listening to the teacher and knowing what he was saying, were looking at the teacher but didn't know crap about what he was saying, or not giving a crap about it. Guess where Helga fell in? The last one, and it seemed as though it was the favorable category in this class.

Three classes in and she couldn't tell anyone what she had learnt today other than Madame Curry and something about health that she didn't care about. She wasn't the one who was wanting to become a nurse, which would actually be Sheena. She had practically been in training since she had started her friendship with Eugene even though there was an awkward tension between the both of them since spin the bottle a few months ago.

Basically, Helga and all of her classmates had been asked to go to a party at Rhonda's (she had actually become a decent person now), and when all of them arrived they were greeted with Rhonda wearing one of her sparkly red dresses and a white feather boa. Her lips were coated in a bright cherry red and she beamed brightly at them before ushering them into her newly renovated house. It looked a lot more glamorous than Helga had remembered when she was in fourth grade. Well, it wasn't like she was studying anything, and she was preoccupied with making Harold look like a drag queen.

They had all sat around in a circle and Sheena had gotten Eugene and they had entered one of the closets that were in the other hallway and the timer was set for seven minutes and not even a whole minute into the waiting they heard the closet door slam open and then Sheena running down the hallway crying before leaving the house—it shutting in a loud bang.

Eugene had come into the living room and everyone was staring at him—even Helga had managed to tear her attention away from Arnold, who was sitting across from her in the circle. She had been staring at him, hoping that she'd get him but right now she was faced with the awkwardness of a red curly haired newly turned teenager standing in front of them with his hand rubbing against the nape of his neck while not looking at everyone too long.

Rhonda had demanded him tell them what had caused Sheena to cry and then Eugene calmly told them that Sheena had pronounced that she was in love with him since third grade and that she found him clumsiness adorable but then when she tried to kiss him he pulled away and rejected her—telling her that he didn't think of her that way, that he didn't think that way about other girls, at all. Sheena had been so devastated that she ran out of the closet and headed home.

Now, flash forward to a couple months later, and every time Sheena

saw Eugene she would spin on her heels and head over to another group of teenagers to hang out with. Other teenagers that wanted to be nurses like her, and they would shake their heads in Eugene's direction because they still thought that he was stringing her along, for not truly saying that he wasn't into her despite the signs that she was obviously giving him.

Helga blinked a couple of times, seeing that her math teacher was sitting down at the desk and was starting to grade their tests that they had taken yesterday. She knew that for the last twenty minutes she would be able to doodle in her notebook. Yes, she still did poetry, but she preferred to do that during her spare time. She did have a notebook that was reserved for times that she had a line that she really wanted to write down, but she found herself not having beautifully happy and glorious poems anymore. Yes, they were still beautifulâ€"because they were still about Arnold, but they weren't happy because her love had been depressed for the last three years and she was afraid that if she ventured too far into the abyss that was Arnold to fix him she'd break him even more without meaning to.

Her eyes snapped down to her notebook that she held for poetry and knowing that this was rare, she began to write a poem.

\_You've been my shelter, in my time of need\_  
\_When wind and rain intertwine\_  
\_You were there to offer me opulence \_  
\_And underneath the star filled sky it was bliss\_  
\_But, my amore, why do you try to fly\_  
\_When your wings are torn and there's nothing more\_  
\_Than emptiness in your drive?\_  
\_I stand on one side of our bellowed tree,\_  
\_The leaves they shiver like you, my dear\_  
\_And when I take one simple step\_  
\_I find myself back where I was\_  
\_One day, I hope with all I am\_  
\_That I will mend your wings \_  
\_And we both can fly away\_

A few tears fell down her cheekbones, but Helga merely wiped away the tears despite her heart aching and wishing that Arnold would let her in. She remembered when he was her shelter, when he would hold an umbrella above her head or when she would almost crumble to the ground and break into nothingness and he would gently call her name and hold his hand out and she would look up at him and find her savior peering at her with sweetness but now she found their roles reversed and she found that he was the one who was on the ground and

every time she would see her hand reach out to touch him she would fear that if she touched him he would be taintedâ€”for Helga knew she was still tainted. She loved her angel with all of her heart, but if she touched him would he have his snow white wings turned black from the sin that came from her fingertips?

If only Helga knew that she would have wings that were translucent and shimmer golden soon, in factâ€”she would be welcomed with the topic of wings very soonâ€”in fact, in thirty minutes, during lunch.

\_I do write poetry, but I find that poetry is not my thing, that writing novels is my thing well that and Hey Arnold fan fictions. I hope that you enjoyed the poem that Helga randomly wrote down and hopefully it didn't suck too bad. Anyway, the next chapter will be the one where everyone finds out that there will be a Peter Pan play.\_

\_Thank you all for your words of encouragement.\_

\_I still wish for the day for Peter Pan to fly into my window and take me away, even though I'm nineteen.\_

\_I could be a good mother, a good story teller. I would even change my name to Wendy if I had to.\_

\_Anyway,\_

\_love you all!  
>XEMS<em>

#### 4. Chapter Three: A Play!

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Chapter Three : A Play!

When the bell rang for lunch, Helga high tailed it out of the classroomâ€”knowing that she wanted to go to the table that she, Phoebe, Arnold, and Gerald sat at. Her heart raced in her chest and she wished with all of her heart that she could have kissed Arnold those months ago at Rhonda's house during the seven minutes game but as soon as it started it had ended and instead they sat around and watched movies. Of course, Helga tried to sit next to Arnold but Gerald had sat next to him, and then Phoebe sat next to Gerald and then Helga sat at the end of the uncomfortable Victorian Era love seat that Rhonda's mom had to bring back from England.

Shaking her head, Helga paid more attention to running to the cafeteria instead of running into people. She sighed in relief when she reached the cafeteria and going into the lunch lineâ€”Helga pulled out her wallet that was in her purseâ€”a brown leather purse that Olga had gotten for her sister, and Helga actually started to love the things that Olga had bought her. Her taste in style had changed drastically, and even though hers was as expensive as Rhonda's, she had a decent style that often turned heads when she started to wear newer, more fashionable clothes in sixth grade. It was enough of a change in style that everyone almost was afraid of the girlâ€”especially since this was the second time that they had

seen another drastic change from her. First it was her attitude, well towards Arnold, and then second it came with the waxed eyebrows and the stylish outfits and the hair.

Opening her wallet, which was also a gift from Olga, Helga pulled out some of the money that Olga and Jason always sent her every two weeks. Ever since Helga returned home with Olga from San Lorenzo and her parents didn't even notice that she was gone, only Olga, they showed their true colors they had for their second daughter in front of their first daughter. It took a lot of persuading, pleading to Olga to not take her away from Hillwood (since Olga found out that Helga was in love with Arnold during the trip), for the woman to sigh and agree with her "but only on one condition, that she and Jason could send her a hundred dollars a month, nothing much but enough for a thirteen-year-old to be able to pay for lunch and get a few things.

So here Helga was, buying her lunch, while seeing in the corner of her big blue eye that Gerald and Arnold were already sitting at the table and that they were talking to each other. She smiled some but then turned her head and continued down the line "only to jump in the air when she felt a hand touch her shoulder blade.

"Helga!" Eugene smiled at her with his freckle coated cheekbones and Helga barely had time to say hi before he continued, "I hope you don't mind but I'm having all of our gang come together around your table during lunch because I have some big news for you all!" Helga almost flinched, expecting him to end the news with high notes like he normally did but he didn't.

"Are you and Jazz dating now?" Helga couldn't help but tease to the teenager, causing Eugene to blush brightly and almost trip, but she caught him before he could bump into her. He blushed again and shook his head, "no, sadly."

"Don't worry. I'm sure that he's shy too, I mean "he talks about you all the time," Helga told him and Eugene perked up, his eyes showing hope and he resembled a little kid that were told that they were going to Disneyland.

"But you didn't hear it from me," Helga whispered as she paid her money and made the motion that she zipped her lips and threw away the key. Eugene nodded as she walked away, and she could almost guess that the boy would skip away gleefully.

She shook her head and then headed over to the circular table that held three people that were expecting her, well at the moment two. Helga had a feeling that Phoebe's dad was having Phoebe cook traditional Japanese meals for dinner, well that and Texan foods when it came to her mom, and there would be plenty of left overs. So that meant Helga would often come home with traditional Sushi or a traditional styled steak. The steak would have been watched, because Helga knew that if Big Bob smelt actual good prepared meat in the house he would eat it without second thoughts.

"What's up, tall hair boy?" Helga smirked when Gerald rolled his eyes, but in a humorous way. A nine-year-old version of Helga would never think that she was going to be good friends with Gerald or Arnold. She never thought that Arnold would let her in, or that he would say that she was his friend without a doubt. She never noticed



how he would smile softly when he would introduce her, or give her soft eyes, because she was often looking away when he did so.

Gerald though, well that was a different case. Gerald was actually Phoebe's boyfriend. Yep, tall hair boy finally got enough guts to actually ask Phoebe out a year ago. Strange how the longest relationship in their whole gang was Curly and Rhonda. The fact that those two were actually a couple, well a nine-year-old version of Rhonda would scream and run off in the other direction.

"Phoebe is getting her lunch from her locker. She had texted me last night and showed me a picture of her making traditional sushiâ€|\_again\_," Helga told them, but she didn't tell them that Phoebe had called her late last night (Helga had horrible insomnia but her parents weren't concerned about taking her to doctors to actually get diagnosed), all the while cussing in Japaneseâ€making Helga have mixed feelings about the fact that her well-mannered, sweet best friend was cussing as though that was her true language.

Gerald did his signature shaking his head, while making his 'mmm' noise, before she picked up her milk carton and opened it. She began to drink only to notice that Arnold was looking at her. She pushed a piece of her hair behind her ear and noticed that he had his signature day dreaming look on him, but when she arched his eyebrow he blushed and blinked a few times before he sat uprightâ€the only thing that was missing was his nervous laughter.

"Hi, guys!" Phoebe's soft, meek voice broke the air around them and Helga glanced up to see that Phoebe was indeed standing behind her and that she had her cherry blossom designed lunch tote with her. She dropped it on the table and then plopped down, yawning a few times before she opened the tote and then threw the container that held the signature sushi onto the circular table.

"Ah, sushi night again," Gerald noted and Helga almost gave him a dry look, as though they didn't need his commentary. He didn't notice, or he didn't care, because he turned towards Phoebe, who sighed and leaned her head against his shoulder blade. She was almost asleep when a pair of manicure fingered hands slapped onto the table.

"Bonjour, Mesdames et Messieurs!" Rhonda's perfect voice, which rang perfection when it came to the French language was enough for Helga to give the black haired girl a dry look. She was thankful though that Rhonda wasn't a stuck up princess anymore, all thanks to her boyfriend that was about to grab her arm and pepper it with kissesâ€just like Gomez did to Morticia.

"Assez avec les FranÃ§ois, Rhonda," Helga responded with a smirk upon her features, enough that everyone around them, all of their friends, had their mouth slung open except for Phoebe. Phoebe knew that whenever Olga came home last year she would teach Helga French, since she knew that Helga wanted to learn the language.

Rhonda was the most shocked and she blinked a few times before Eugene cleared his throat, grabbing the attention of all of his beloved friends. Arnold though, he was the second shocked, and he peered at the girl in front of him with a sigh that was soft but dreamilyâ€his head turned to the side and his hand holding the side of his head as

he gazed at her warmly. Sheena was leaning against a table that was off to the side and it was obvious that she didn't want to look like she was interested but she was. A pang went through the boy's heart, because he had lost his first true friend.

"I gathered all of you together so that I can tell you something amazing! You all know that I do Theatre! Well I wanted all of you to know that Mr. Taller has decided that our play this year should be Peter Pan!" Eugene had pride in his voice and he looked around, finding excitement throughout the eyes of his classmates—even Helga perked up.

"Oh, wonderful! I adore Peter Pan!" Rhonda exclaimed and she grabbed Curly's arm, "Thaddeus and I are in! I will be the beautiful, sophisticated, loving mother, Mrs. Darling, and my Thadd will be Mr. Darling!" Curly smiled at his girlfriend and imagined them as Mr. and Mrs. Darling, the thought of them being the 'parents' in one of Rhonda's favorite children's stories made him happy—including the fact that they would be husband and wife in the play.

"Wonderful! Anyone else? I have decided to try out for the role of Peter Pan. I have a paper here and I want you to write down your names next to the character in the play!" Eugene placed a piece of paper down onto the table and Helga was shocked when everyone took turns writing down their names onto the roles—Helga had her eyes flickering across the page.

She sat there for a minute and thought about how much she loved being in Romeo & Juliet. Of course part of it was because it was Arnold being Romeo, but it was also because she loved plays. And Peter Pan was one of her favorite stories, her favorite children's story. She wanted to be up on that stage again, to be someone else for a change—to not be Helga Pataki for a while and that was why she reached down and picked the pen up last before writing her name down next to Tinkerbell.

She didn't know though that as soon as her name was written down on that page that her life would change forever.

Author's Note: I hope that you enjoyed this chapter. I don't know who should play Captain Hook yet but I'll look at all of the characters in Peter Pan and then all of the characters in Hey Arnold and find them places. Gerald and Arnold will be stage hands, and I know that Harold will be Mr. Smee. Remember him? He's Captain Hook's second in command. He's the fat old man with the glasses and the striped shirt and the red hat. XEMS\_

Oh and the translated words from French to English (google translate)\_

"\_Bonjour Mesdames et Messieurs" â€œ"Hello ladies and gentlemen."\_

"\_Assez avec les Francois, Rhonda" â€œ"Enough with the French, Rhonda." \_

## 5. Chapter Four: Getting a Script

Disclaimer on preview

## Chapter Four: Getting a Script

The last remaining classes went by for a blur for Helga. The only thing she remembered was sitting a row away from Arnold in her other classes and gazing at him but looking away quickly when he looked back at her. Neither of them brought up the subject of what happened on F.T.I. It had been three years since it, and even though Helga wanted Arnold to bring it up so badly throughout the last three years he never did. He never brought it up down in San Lorenzo, but that was because of the fact that he found out that his parents were dead the fifth day into being down in the South American jungle. The Green Eyed people were low in numbers now, they were slowly dying off and the only ones that knew how to give them the right medication to get rid of the strange illness that had swept them up were Arnold's parents but they had been gone for eight years when Arnold and his classmates went down to the jungle.

Helga sighed when the class ended and received a text from Eugene telling her to go to the Auditorium to pick up her script. She could tell that he was really excited about this because he missed a few of the letters in the words and she didn't have it in her heart to correct him when it came to the English language. Everyone around her knew not to butcher the language that she was excellent in, in fact she knew that so many people were afraid to hand her their papers when they were to grade each other in English because she would be the one who would get one hundreds on her papers.

Getting her things together, Helga went to get out of her desk and move towards the door when she saw that Arnold was making his way over towards her. Her eyes widened and he stopped in front of her. "Umâ€|Helgaâ€|I was wondering if you wanted to, maybe, well go down to the Auditorium together?" Arnold blushed as he rubbed his hand against the nape of his neck.

"Sure!" Helga wanted to hit her head with her hand at the moment because she sounded too eager but she knew that it didn't matter at the moment. The fact that Arnold wanted to walk with her down there perked her interest but then she remembered that he didn't write his name down on the list that Eugene had put down on the table.

"G-great," Arnold replied and blushed some but Helga made her way up the aisle and he walked on the opposite side of the desk in another aisle before they met together in front of the desks and walked out of the classroom together.

"I didn't see you write your name down on the list," Helga admitted as they walked out of the classroom and headed in the direction of where the auditorium was. She could see that some of her classmates in her grade were heading towards the auditorium, a good amount of them being ones that she didn't have the same classes in.

"Wellâ€|that's because I didn't put it down," Arnold rubbed his arm when he told her this and then his eyes flickered up and he looked at her shyly before looking forward again, "Iâ€|I thought that Mr. Taller could have some extra stage handsâ€|and if anything, he could have me as an extra if needed be."

Helga smiled and then couldn't help but laugh a little when she remembered fourth grade. She turned and saw that Arnold had his eyebrow arched up. "What are you laughing at?" Arnold probed towards her and Helga never felt so happy at that moment, seeing a little bit of Arnold rise up within him again. She hadn't seen that look from him in a long time.

"I was remembering fourth gradeâ€|when Mr. Simmons had to go to you since no one wanted to play Romeo," Helga confessed and then she saw that Arnold smiled and shook his head a moment later as he remembered it too.

"All I remember is almost having a concussion when you dropped my head after our kiss," Arnold responded and both of them blushed as they remembered their first kiss together. It was their first kiss period and they often thought about it more than the other thought.

"Yeahâ€|sorry about that," Helga apologized and rubbed her arm with her other hand. She saw that Arnold was about to say something when they were greeted with someone slinging their arms against their shoulder blades. Helga jumped in the air before she threw the arm that was slung around her arm away from her. She glared at the African-American boy that was standing behind her, "Gerald! Will you fucking stop that? Criminy, one day you're going to cause me a heart attack and I'll come back and haunt your ass."

Gerald's smile went away as fast as it had appeared. The thought of Helga G. Pataki coming back from the grave and haunting him didn't sound too well. Knowing her she'd always have sarcastic commentary to everything that he did. He'd end up having to get a group of paranormal investigators to come and get rid of Helga, only that would piss her off even more. She'd probably tell Timberly to put that pink hair dye she was saving into his shampoo.

"Yeah, no thanks. I'm good," Gerald responded and Helga smirked before she nodded her head, patted him on the side of his headâ€|"Hey, hey, hey, don't touch the hair, Pataki. Unlike you I actually put enough care into my hair."

"Phoebe tells me that you always carry a hand held mirror with you and an afro comb. Sometimes she's concerned about your well-being. We're thinking about contacting Dr. Phil," Helga told him with a straight face, causing something that both teenagers to widen their eyes when they heard something that they hadn't heard in a long time.

A genuine laugh from Arnold. The kind of laugh that would hurt your sides and the kind of laugh that would have someone bending over in pain but the kind of pain that would only be created from a long fit of laughter. The kind of laugh that would cause tears to fall down their cheekbones. It was enough for everyone in the hallway to stop, as though they were seeing an alien reveal itself from underneath its human disguise.

When he managed to uncurl his bent forward position from the laugh, Helga threw herself around the boy and held onto himâ€|tightly. She was greeted with him wrapping his arms around her, and squeezing her back. "I've missed that, football head," Helga whispered and she heard a warm chuckle from the boy that she was hugging.

"I've missed that too, Helga," Arnold responded—and it was true. He hadn't laughed like that in a long time. He couldn't remember the last time that he had laughed. And a warmth flowed through him at the fact that the person who made him laugh again was the girl who held his attention, Helga. And he also missed her calling him football head.

Pulling away from Arnold, Helga blushed and Gerald told him that it was nice to see him laugh again before they headed down the hallway again and to the auditorium doors. As soon as they opened it they saw that Phoebe was already standing on the stage and that she had a clipboard in her hands. Helga already knew that she had been given the director's assistant position.

Reaching the table that was sat in front of the stage, Helga grabbed a script and then watched as Arnold and Gerald went up to where Mr. Taller was before discussing about being stage hands. Mr. Taller nodded his head before telling them to go over to Phoebe. Gerald kissed her cheek and Arnold gave her a friendly smile but Helga didn't know that she was staring too long until Arnold looked over at her and gave her a small smirk—one that made Helga have her eyes widen before she turned away from him, blushing warmly too.

Maybe, maybe, this play would bring out old Arnold. Helga hoped so. It had been so long since she had heard that angelic laugh. She missed it. She missed him, her Arnold. Her hand reached up and touched where the indent in her blouse was, where her locket of him was.

Author's Note: I have my list of who will play who, and I have some original characters that I'm presenting but they aren't important to the story. Helga and Arnold are what are important in it really. Anyway, I hope you enjoyed this chapter. I am really happy of how the character development will be in this fan fiction. Yes, it will be slow to see Arnold come out of his shell, but we have to be realistic here. How would you feel if you found out that the parents who left you when you were two, and had been missing for eight years passed away in a plane wreck? Yep, Arnold is still depressed but Helga will bring the sunshine that is within her beloved Arnold out. I'm still figuring out if Sheena will ever be able to forgive Eugene—|

## 6. Chapter Five: Tis but Reality

Disclaimer on preview

Chapter Fiver: Tis but Reality

Sadly, five minutes after getting her script, Helga got a text from her mom, telling her to come home because Big Bob had a new commercial and he wanted her to see it. Helga sighed as she turned and saw that Gerald and Arnold were heading down the stage steps and fighting the urge to slump, or go home and flick Big Bob off (the second was stronger than the other, a flick of the finger was due soon), Helga made her way towards her beloved and her beloved's best friend. He truly wasn't her best friend, no one could replace Phoebe, but she and Gerald had a mutual respect—especially after he saw how she treated everyone after they came home from San Lorenzo and let Arnold have his space.

"The asshole wants me home. Apparently he got a new commercial," Helga told them and rolled her eyes, seeing that Mr. Taller was standing above them on the stage and that he was giving her a look. "Oh come on, it's after hours. Give me a break," Helga muttered and then turned her head, seeing that both Arnold and Gerald had amused looks at her mutter but then they had a look of understanding cross their features because of her sudden need of departure.

She saluted them and went to turn around only for her to see that Arnold was hesitantly walking over to her. She bit her lip and almost wanted to flee away from him but resisted it. She didn't know if she could make him smile a second time for today, or get another smirk. It was almost bizarre at having him laugh but having him come over to her she was afraid that she would be the reason why he would fall into even more depression. She had a feeling that he didn't take his depression medication as much as he should. She knew that three out of five school days he slunk around the school and his head would always be down and he'd have his headphones on and he'd be drifting away into his own music—loud enough that Helga could hear that he had chosen soft violins and pianos instead of the cool and smooth Jazz that he once adored.

"I'll see you later, Helga," Arnold whispered and Helga nodded her head, her eyes widening when he slung his arms around her and hugged her. She turned her head, seeing that Gerald was looking at the scene in front of him with his eyes widened. Helga quickly motioned her head towards Arnold, and looked at Gerald before he shrugged his shoulders as though letting her know that he didn't know why Arnold was clinging to her right now.

"Yeah, I'll see you. Tell Gertie that Eleanor said hi," Helga whispered back to him and he nodded his head before he softly pulled away from her. She could see the sadness in those green eyes, she could see that he had gotten smaller and that his clothes looked too baggy on him and she saw that there were dark lines underneath his eyes and that he almost wrapped his arms around himself to make sure that he wouldn't fall apart when he walked.

"I'll see you guys," Helga told them before she spun on her heels and walked away, a few tears rising up in her tear ducts. She had waited until she was out of the auditorium and taking a quivering breath of air, Helga ran towards the girls' restroom that was closest to her and fell down to the ground in a heap. The tears flowed freely down her cheekbones and she almost needed to gasp for breath but she tried to control herself.

"Oh—Arnold," she whispered with sadness and longing in her voice. She wanted to hold him to her, wipe away those tears, and bring him back to life. Every day that his sunshine dimmed, Helga felt herself become colder without the sunrays on her.

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The late afternoon wind whipped around Helga as she huddled herself together as she jogged towards her house. She had made herself walk the longer route so that she couldn't pass by the Boarding House. She hadn't been by that place in three years. She couldn't bring herself to going to that house—to seeing Gertie and Phil. Oh, she couldn't see how Phil had become more secluded during the afternoons and the

mornings, always eating his breakfast and lunch and dinner in separate parts of the house and she couldn't deal with Gertie always talking in the air and whispering about how she missed her son and her daughter-in-law. Even she had seemed to lose herself. She didn't dress up anymore or act insane. She was just a normal old, sad grandmother who missed her son. And it ached in Helga's heart at the fact that this had happened to Gertie—but she still had Arnold tell Gertie that 'Eleanor' had said hello because she wanted to keep a part of her simpler childhood memories of Gertie alive.

Reaching her brownstone house, Helga went up the stoop steps and opened the door only to flinch when she heard Big Bob screaming in the trophy room, where the television set was and his recliner. "Where is that girl?"

"I'm right here, Bob," Helga replied with an irritated tone that could rival her father's. He turned around in the recliner and glared at her, telling her his famous line about not taking that tone from him, little missy.

"Get over here! I want to show you my new commercial. I got some new phones and Apple products," Big Bob informed her. Helga almost hated the Emporium even more. It was Big Bob's Electrical Devices Emporium now. Beepers were decreasing in sales so he had gotten a deal with phone companies and other companies that sold electronics and began to sell them in his store. Now the family was getting more money than they could spend but did it ever go to Helga? No, it went towards Mommy Dearest and her alcoholic problem.

Helga rolled her eyes and walked next to the recliner—seeing the Emporium appear on the screen and that the phone number was at the bottom of the screen along with the address. She watched as her dad walked in his trademark 'king' clothes and told the viewers a bunch of blurred truths about his products. The only thing that was true was that he didn't take refunds, but only exchanges. No exchanges then someone was stuck with a shitty phone or iPod.

"Wow, impressive, Bob," Helga commented and earned a glare from her dad, muttering about how Olga would have liked the commercial. Five. Four. Three. Two. One. The blinder in the kitchen was on and her mom, Miriam, was making another one of her trademark smoothies.

"Well—I'm going upstairs and look over my script for the play we're doing in school," Helga told him and he just raised his hand and waved her off. She knew that if Olga had told them that she was in a play then they would have jumped up from their spots and headed over to her to congratulate her and the fact that she was the leading lady.

Helga walked out of the trophy room and headed upstairs, her eyes on her only salvation. Her bedroom. She walked in and shut the door behind her. Cream walls welcomed her now, since she wasn't a little girl anymore. Her bedspread was white but had a beautiful pink flower pattern on it and posters of her favorite plays were littered across her bedroom walls along with black and white photographs of her and Phoebe and the gang throughout the years. A string of lights were around the walls and a pair of curtains that were light pink were against her window.

A lot had changed in a span of three years. Including the fact that Helga had gotten rid of all of her shrines and 'collections' of Arnold but she still had her poetry. In fact, Olga had found out about her baby sister's writing and had managed to get her a white washed writer's desk with a vintage chair for her sister to sit in.

Yet Helga threw herself onto her bed and closed her eyes. She had Arnold's face in her mind, and him giving her that little smirk and then him hugging her so desperately when she was leaving. She then flashed her mind to when Arnold and she were heading to San Lorenzo and how he was laughing and having fun and that he still had that twinkle in their eyes and how she caught him staring at her all the time but would blush and turn around and Gerald would tell him about how horrible she was and how he was strange.

And then she imagined Arnold back at the Boarding Houseâ€”coming home and having dinner and having Stella and Miles at the kitchen table and all the boarders would be around them and his grandparents were happy and she would be there. Helga would be there and Arnold would be sitting next to her and he would be in love with her and they would be happy.

Yet, when she opened her eyes Helga was not welcomed with the kitchen in the Boarding House. She was not welcomed with Stella and Miles at the kitchen table with all the boarders around them and his grandparents weren't **\*\*happy\*\*** and Helga was not there. Most of all Arnold wasn't sitting next to her and he wasn't in love with her and they weren't happy.

Tis but reality, not fantasy.

Author's Note: yes, this chapter is sad but I think you're seeing that Helga is the only one in Arnold's life that he loves and is still the same, mostly the same. So he clings onto her, because he knows that she needs him and that he needs her. I hope you enjoyed this chapter. And thank you for every review that you have given to me! It makes me feel very happy. â€”Emmy \_

## 7. Chapter Six: Practice, Prattice

Disclaimer on preview

Chapter Six: Practice, Practice, Practice

When Helga read over the script that she had been given she found that she fit the temperamental faerie. She smiled when she read that Tinkerbell told the Lost Boys of the mysterious Wendy Bird and to shoot her down. Helga felt as though she could relate to Tinkerbell, she was afraid that Lila would take away her Arnoldâ€”the one that brought out the adventure in her. Speaking of Lila, she had moved away last year. Her dad actually got a job back at their home town and jumped at the opportunity to go back to their home. Lila missed the open fields, the horses, and living next door to her cousin. So Helga had been one of the girls to actually stop by her house and give her daises, which were her favorite flowers, and thanked her for keeping her secret. Sure, she still had that part of herâ€”from when she was nine and ten, where she was jealous of Lila but Arnold had long since gotten over Lila, and Helga knew that she didn't have any



competition for Arnold's attention.

Continuing her reading, Helga found that Tinkerbell was extremely protective of Peter Pan and hated Wendy with a thriving passion in the beginning but then realized how much both Peter Pan and Wendy cared for each other. Helga knew though that Lila ever shared the same feelings for Arnold as he had for the longest timeâ€”she would be torment but she would allow them to be happy because at the end of the day, Arnold's happiness was her happiness. Yet, he was living in torment at the moment and so Helga was living in torment.

Sadly, when Helga arrived at school for the rest of the weekâ€”Arnold was in another state all completely, they were universes away while being in the same one. Apparently something had happened since Monday, because he would avoid her and would go the other way. Pain would radiate throughout her being and it wasn't until she talked to Gerald and found out that Arnold had been looking at some pictures of his parents againâ€”and Helga had to breathe hard so that she wouldn't lose any of her oxygen that was blowing in and out of her.

It was late-march. Her birthday had been a day before the day of her confession to Arnold, she had been locked in her bedroom and didn't go to school the F.T.I. confession dayâ€”she had tears dripping down her cheekbones and she had curled up into a ball and had cried her heart out. She couldn't deal with the fact that she had taken back what she had said. She knew that the little version of her, that girl with the horizontal pigtails, the unibrow and the large blue eyes didn't know that only a few months later she would have to see her love fall onto the flooring of the San Lorenzo jungle and screamâ€”causing the tropical birds that were in the branches to fly off and when she had seen that she had tried to run to him to comfort him only for Phoebe and Gerald to grab her by both arms and pulled her away, all the while telling her that he needed some time alone.

It was only three months into the new century, and Helga was having a horrible time. In the background \_Blink 182's \_Adam's Song was playing and she felt as though she could relate to the song that was playing. All of the songs that she listened to, including Matchbox Twenty's Bent spoke more to her than anything else. She could disappear from her house and her parents wouldn't even notice her. If anyone would notice her then that would be Phoebe and she hoped that Gerald and Arnold would notice her gone. She didn't leave because of two reasons: Phoebe and Arnold.

Phoebe would be lost without her best friend. She would become depressed, she wouldn't have her preschool friend with herâ€”her lifelong friend that would grow old with her and they would be the aunts to each other's children would disappear without a trace, just like a ghostâ€”like Helga had felt when it came to her own family.

Arnold. No. She could not leave him, ever. She couldn't abandon him. She couldn't let him fall down onto the ground and not have someone help pick him up. Someone who would hold him against them, to cry with them, and someone to wipe away the tears. Yes, she didn't do that right now but she prayed that one day she would have enough of watching him break and she would run to him and she would hold him in her arms and tell him that she loved him and that she would mend his

broken piecesâ€”even if that meant she would be broken in the process.

Helga got up from her bed where her script was and went over to where her iPod was, before scrolling through the playlistâ€”her eyes flickering over 3 doors down's Kryptonite, Vertical Horizon's Everything You Need, but she finally chose a random song and let the beginning cords begin. She went over to her script and picked it up before scanning through the script again.

She flinched though when she saw that Peter Pan and Wendy would kiss. Helga had a feeling that if Sheena got Wendy and if Eugene got Peter Pan then there was no doubt that it would be awkward for the both of themâ€”especially since Sheena got rejected without the kiss being scripted. Maybe Phoebe would tell Mr. Taller not to have them practice the kiss because of the situation between each other and that they would kiss on the night of the performance. But then again that was a maybe, Mr. Taller seemed like a strict director.

Yet, when Helga came across the scene when she would drink the poison she couldn't help but arch her eyebrow and come up with an idea. She would drink the poison that was meant for Peter Pan and then she would die only for the audience to say that they believed in faeries. She wondered if Mr. Taller would allow her to do ballet during that sceneâ€”to bring more emotion to that scene. It wouldn't be long but she would jump in the air and spin around and captivate the audience and then she would slowly spin downwards before she fell on her side and her eyes closed.

Tomorrow she would practice ballet and knowing that she needed to talk to Mr. Taller, she decided that she would see if she could perform a ballet scene before she would go to her ballet teacher and talk to her about the scene if it was allowed. She remembered how she would do ballet recitals but she never invited anyone to themâ€”except for Phoebe, and her parents. It was the first time that Mr. Heyerdahl had smiled at her and told her that she was talented.

So with an eagerness in Helga, she turned off her music and then began to start practicing from the beginning, from her searching for the shadow of Peter Pan, and then to the endâ€”where her and Peter Pan would leave Wendy and her brothers back in their nursey.

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Helga went downwards and got dinner when six o'clock came around. She saw Miriam passed out on the kitchen island and that her alcohol was clearly on display. Ever since Helga had come home from San Lorenzo her mom never hid the alcohol that she put into her smoothies. Helga had gotten so used to the strong smell that she was never going to take a drink of that horrible stuffâ€”ever. She knew she probably wouldn't be able to enter a bar without getting nauseated or having vivid past memories of Miriam neglecting her.

Then she went back upstairs after eating a frozen pizza and entered her room. Shutting her bedroom doorâ€”Helga had her 'Do Not Disturb' sign on her bedroom door. It was actually a white board and she would write down in expo marker when she didn't want anyone disturbing her. She had to lock her door though, just for a precautionâ€”because sometimes Big Bob would enter the room when she wasn't in the mood to

deal with the imbecile.

For the rest of the night, Helga began to practice, practice, and practice. She didn't go to bed until one o'clock in the morning. She didn't have ballet class until around two o'clock in the afternoon and she could go and see Mr. Taller around lunch timeâ€”since the Theatre room was always open all times of the week. The man was always seen in the Theatre room. His life was wrapped around the theatre and though it was borderline obsession Helga could relate to him when it came to her poetry, even though her passion had slowed down.

When her eyes closed, Helga hoped that the next day would bring good luck.

\_Author's Note: first thing first, you don't know how hard it is to look up songs from the year 2000! I was looking and all they gave me were songs from 2002 all the way to 2014 and 2015. I did find like three songs that were perfect and actually described Helga and Arnold's situationâ€”dealing with depression of course. Anyway, I had church today and we are going over Marriage and our sermon today was on Sarah and Abraham. \_

\_If you don't remember, Sarah and Abraham were older and God came to Abraham and told him that he would bless him with as many children as the stars and he was a blessing. Abraham moved when He asked him to and told his wife, Sarah, to say that she was his sister than his wife because the men would want her and would kill him. Sarah told Abraham that she would allow him to impregnate their Egyptian servant because she still wanted children yet Abraham was near the age of 100! He wondered if God would allow him to even have children since his body was dead and Sarah's womb was dead but of course, as we knowâ€”they end being blessed with many children.\_

\_I hope that you enjoyed this chapter.\_

\_From,\_

\_Emmy\_

## 8. Chapter Seven: A Ballerina's Request

Disclaimer on preview

### Chapter Seven: A Ballerina's Request

It would be a lie to not say that Helga was terrified because she was. She had only seen Mr. Taller one time beforeâ€”and even then he had an aura so strong with strictness that she felt as though she was being suffocated by a Cobra. So that was why she was nervous when she walked into the auditorium at P.S. 118 while wearing her blush pink leotard, along with her nude tights and pink ballet shoes and her pink duffle bag with her name monogrammed into the side of the duffle bag in light blue. Her curly long hair was pulled up in a bun and a pink ribbon was wrapped around the top of her head. She walked in and saw that Mr. Taller was standing by the desk that he had in front of the stage and that he was looking down at what looked like the list of teenagers that were trying out for a part in Peter Pan, along with a list of teenagers that were going to be the stage hands.

"Mr. Taller?" Helga made her way over towards him and he snapped his head up, his eyes flickering over to her. He had a look of surprise across his features, as though he didn't expect that Helga Geraldine Pataki as a ballerina yet here she was with her golden hair pulled up in a bun and that she wore her leotard and the rest of her ballet outfit.

"Yes, Miss Pataki?" Mr. Taller straightened up his height, even though it didn't do much when it came to the level of intimidation he radiated to the girl. He was standing in front of a thirteen-year-old who was five foot nine. He was six foot two, she was only a couple of inches shorter than him. He found it irritating to be in front of a teenager that was on the taller side and they weren't even in high school yet, especially if it came to the teenager being a girl.

"Well, obviously you can see that I'm a ballerina but I was wondering, can I go ahead and make a ballet scene for the part of Tinkerbell? I know that auditions aren't for two weeks but" Helga was stopped by Mr. Taller, who arched his eyebrow.

"And why should I do that?" he questioned her and she almost wanted to sigh at him, but then decided that she would be nice to him. She already didn't like him, but she really wanted the part, so with an idea popping in her head she snapped her finger.

"I have Beethoven on my iPod. I can play it, since the volume can be turned up really loud, and I can do a piece that I've been working on and if you like or are intrigued by it and decide that you want me as Tinkerbell then do you think I could do a piece? I was thinking that it would be when Tinkerbell drinks the poison. I could act out her death." Helga stood there, waiting for his verdict. She would have practice in about two hours, but it took almost an hour for her to arrive to the ballet studio. Besides, she liked being there earlier than everyone else to practice.

Mr. Taller weighed the possibilities and then he nodded his head, when he knew that all of the audience would be spell bound when they would see Tinkerbell have a dramatic but beautiful death. "Very well, I will watch your little performance."

Helga nodded her head back at him before she pulled out her iPod from her duffle bag. She took a deep breath and turned it before she went to her playlist that had Classical music on it. She searched through the different songs before she came across a random Beethoven song. It was actually one that she was practicing when it came a recital that was in the future.

She played it when she got up on the stage and sat it off to the side. She closed her eyes and as the first piano keys were played she slowly opened her eyes and brought her head up. Then she bent her legs down and slowly moved in circles across the flooring of the wooden stage.

Every time the deeper key played she would bend her legs down and her arms would be out on either side of her and her head would be looking to her right side. Twenty two seconds into the song she began to spin even faster than before. Forty seconds into the song she stopped and moved as though she was curling herself together and slowly began to

rise onto the tips of her toes. She reached her right arm out as though she was grabbing something but then she threw her arm back to her side and cradled her right arm against her left arm as though she had been burnt. Fifty seconds into it she snapped her head up and looked off to the side as though she had heard someone moving. She threw her left arm out as though she was trying to reach out to touch the person but she turned her head away as though the person rejected her. She hung her head down as though she was broken and began to walk away only for her to almost jump in the air when she was grabbed by the waist—she didn't know that Jazz was even watching her, but she went along with it. She placed her head underneath the curve of his neck and he began to dance with her only for her to be spun underneath his hand and then he continued to spin her until she was reaching her into the air and he moved so that she was only held by his right hand and then she went limp and fell downwards, till she was in his arms and he fell onto his knees.

The Moonlight Sonnet, by Beethoven routine was done and Helga went over to her iPod to turn off the Sonnet before turning around and arching her eyebrow up at Jazz. Before she could question him she heard clapping behind her and slowly turning around, she saw that there was genuine praise in the eyes of the Theatre director in front of her.

"You moved wonderfully, Miss Pataki. I can see that you have a talent! If you are given the role of Tinkerbell then you can be sure that you will be able to perform a little piece in the play," Mr. Taller informed her and Helga thanked him before she turned off her iPod and went down the steps to grab her duffel bag, only for her to see in the corner of her eye that Jazz was following her.

Once she had grabbed her things and went out of the auditorium she arched her eyebrow at the boy that was grinning at her. "You nearly made my heart jump out of my chest when you grabbed me. You could have warned me, you know."

Jazz laughed, a warm laugh that would cause someone who was in love with him to curl their toes together and close their eyes and feel the sun radiating on them, but Helga wasn't in love with him. Her heart was reserved for one person only.

"Oh honey, you needed some help," Jazz informed her as he waved his hand in front of him. It didn't help that he was leant more on the right side and that he gave her a knowing look. She rolled her eyes but he clapped his hands and startled her, "and I think we impressed Mr. Taller back there. Girl, he was eating it up! By the way, that was our song, babe! You don't think I was going to let you get all the spotlight back there, did you?"

Helga couldn't help but laugh now, she had been trying to have an irritated look across her features but seeing how carefree and happy her dance partner was she couldn't help but shake her head. "Okay, Okay, Jazz. I understand. Now come on, we have to go and persuade Mistress Honey to let me practice. Besides I need to work on a scene where I'm slowly dying."

Jazz nodded his head before he wrapped his arm around her shoulder blade the both of them made their way towards the ballet school. And it seemed as though luck was her side because after talking to Mistress Honey about the play and wanting to do a scene that was like

thatâ€”Mistress Honey was more than eager to see Helga perform a ballet scene in a play, besides she said that if she didn't get the part of Tinkerbell then she would make the next play about Peter Pan.

And so, a ballerina's request had been approved.

\_Author's note: here's a little fact about me. I did dance classes for about six months when I was in elementary school, like early elementary school. I loved it even though I wasn't flexible in the least. I always wanted to wear the glittery outfits that ballerinas and dancers wore but I had horrible stage fright. My anxiety shot through the roof and I didn't do any of the recitals and ended up quitting it since I grew bored. My brother did basketball and I became a basketball cheerleader but then discovered that I actually hated cheerleading and quit.\_

\_I've never done anything else like that again. My sister did basketball, soccer, volleyball and did softball. My brother did basketball, soccer, and baseball. My sister did volleyball and I loved it, she did it in middle school and we'd travel throughout the state and it was really fun. I'd sit on a blanket and watch her while having coloring books. We are three years apart.\_

\_So that's a little bit about me. I sometimes wish I pursued volleyball but I never did. \_

\_Anyway, hope you enjoyed that chapter.\_

\_XEMS \_

## 9. Chapter Eight: Unbroken Bond

Disclaimer on preview

Chapter Eight: The Unbroken Bond

"Phoebe, why are we doing this?"

Helga turned her head, seeing that Phoebe was sitting next to her in her living room and that the beginning of Peter Pan began. Helga rolled her eyes when Phoebe paused the movie before it could actually show Wendy and her two brothers and turned her head in the direction of her blonde haired best friend. She arched her eyebrow, as though she thought that she knew better.

"Research, since this play follows the original cartoon that Disney has created, which we know was derived from J. M. Barrie's play. Besides I'm going to study the outfits that the characters wear so that they are accurate. It is irritating when the characters are not wearing accurate clothing from the play, movie, or book they are re-performing," Phoebe informed her best friend as though she should already know of this. Ten years of friendship and Helga was still reminded about how her best friend always preferred studying than going out to eat with Gerald all the time.

"I don't want to watch it though. I've watched it a thousand times, Pheeb," Helga groaned and grabbed a cushion before letting her head drop into the pillow. She continued to groan and was welcomed with

Phoebe smacking her with the cushion that was next to her.

"Go take a walk or something. Dad would make me do some other stupid Japanese tradition that I can't take anymore. He won't even let me wear socks in the house! He thinks that I need to not even wear socks in his house! All our tradition says is to not wear shoes in our house, it is deemed rude! Yet it is rude in his eyes for me to not show my bare feet in his house!" Phoebe threw her arms up in the air, almost flinging the blue inked pen that was in her hand. Her notebook stayed on her lap though and she turned her head, seeing that Helga was sitting upright again and that the cushion was now on her lap instead of her face smothered into it.

"I can't take this anymore! I'm going on a walk," Helga replied before she got up from her spot and headed towards the front door. She was wearing a pair of dark washed jeans, a white spaghetti strap shirt with a pink cardigan over it. A pair of pink converses on her feet and sitting nestled on her hair was of course her bow.

Opening the front door, Helga walked out and shut the door behind her as soon as she heard her best friend resume the movie. She flickered her eyes over the streets of her neighborhood, finding that there was some movement but nothing much. When she had called yesterday and told Phoebe of the news that she had hours earlier in the day, Phoebe had freaked out and was so excited. Helga was afraid that she would lose her eardrums.

"Helga!"

Helga snapped her head to the right and saw that Gerald was heading in her direction and that he had his hands shoved into his jean pockets and that he had just a red V-neck t-shirt that was on him. It was different and she didn't like not seeing him without his jersey on.

"Who are you and what have you done to tall hair boy?" Helga took a step backwards, acting as though she was peering at a stranger before Gerald rolled his eyes and made his way towards the stoop steps, all the while chuckling.

"Even I need to do laundry, Helga. Wellâ€|my mom has it in the washing machine right now. She keeps complaining"â€"

"Phoebe is in the living room so unless you want to be stuck watching Peter Pan with her for maybe three times in a row so that she gets every little detail then I suggest you go and do something else, maybe with Arnold?" Helga sighed dreamily inside her head and felt her heart race in her chest. She swore that someday she would go into cardiac arrest cause of that boy.

"Can't, Arnold is working on homework. Speaking of homework he needs help. Something about Charlotte Bronte? I think he's going over Jane Eyre in class at the moment. I don't know, I mean, I'm not paying attention in my classâ€|maybe we're going over Edgar Allan Poeâ€|" Gerald had a strange look coming across his features, as though he was trying to remember what they actually were learning in classâ€|"it was a mix of confusion and looking like he needed to use the bathroom.

"Ahâ€"sure, umâ€|let me go get my backpack and I'll head over," Helga

used her thumb to point back towards the front door and Gerald nodded his head before they went inside and Gerald entered the living room, plopping down on the spot of the couch that she had sat a few minutes ago.

Going upstairs, Helga grabbed her backpack, which was actually a shade of blue—the same shade of blue that was Arnold's cap, Helga went downstairs and saw that Phoebe was writing down hastily and that Gerald was trying to flirt with her but she snapped her head up and scowled at him, causing Gerald to roll his eyes before settling down to watch the Disney movie.

Rolling her eyes at them, Helga almost laughed at the both of them, before she walked out of her brownstone house and shut the door behind her. She knew that she would have to go to the place that she hadn't seen in three years. She knew that she had to see the boy that she loved, and see that he was trying to show that he was okay but he wasn't. She was sure that the picture he found of his parents that he had sat on his bookshelf was now stored away in the attic—or worse, he had thrown it onto the floor and had the glass that protected it shatter.

A few tears leaked from her blue eyes, but Helga wiped them away hastily. She knew that crying wouldn't solve anything. Crying wouldn't bring back the love of her life's parents and crying wouldn't take away the scene that she had seen when she and the rest of her classmates stumbled upon the plane wreck when they had gotten lost. Arnold had gone ballistic when he had seen that—and Helga once again had tried to run to him but someone grabbed her and dragged her away.

She remembered the words that she had screamed.

\_"He needs me! Let me go! He needs me!"\_

One of the men that they were with responded as though he knew Arnold longer than her, he didn't know that she knew that there was an unnatural, attraction and bond to her love. He didn't know that they were soulmates and they had a bond that could not be broken.

\_"Let him mourn alone. He needs to be alone!"\_

Helga had managed to elbow him in the gut and make her way towards Arnold, only for a stronger man to tackle her and restrain her, causing her to fight against him but within five minutes of fighting in his arms she went weak and she grew too tired to fight against him.

Helga blinked, not knowing that she was standing in the middle of the sidewalk and shaking her head, she made her way towards Arnold's house.

She couldn't help but wonder, if Arnold had yearned for her comfort when she was pulled away from him both times. If they had been alone, would he have accepted her comfort?

Author's note: I need to address something important! PLEASE DO NOT ASK ME TO UPDATE. I'm not a machine that spits out chapters with the snap of my wrist. Yes, I've been updating a couple chapters a day but I don't like to be rushed. And I feel like some of you are rushing



me. I am sorry for those who are not asking me to update, but this is directed towards those who are asking me to update. Saying please at the end doesn't help either.\_

\_So if you so kindly will do so, do not ask me to update.\_

\_I have decided though, that I will give you all a mini fact about myself in every chapter, little fun facts that I think would be interesting. Here's a little fact about me: I'm allergic to apples.\_

\_So I hope I wasn't rude, \_

\_But I'm tired of the updating. I have an account on Wattpad too, so over the years I've had people demand for updates and I've grown to hate the word: update.\_

\_Emmy\_

## 10. Chapter Nine: Just a Taste

Disclaimer on preview

Chapter Nine: Just a Taste

Standing outside of the Boarding House, Helga almost wanted to spin on her heels and make her way back home again. She didn't have a chance to because the green front door opened and Helga was welcomed with a hoard of animals running down the stoop steps, along with Abner—who glared at her before running away. Helga almost blushed when she remembered chasing after him when he took her locket. To say the least, she had to tackle the pig and forcefully take the locket from his mouth before he could think it would be nice to swallow the thing.

Walking out of the green front door was Arnold, who smiled brightly when he saw the girl standing at the bottom of the stoop steps. She barely had time before he headed down the steps and hugged her, causing her to blink some before she blushed and hugged him back.

"Come in, Helga," Arnold whispered to her before he pulled away from her. Before she could react he grabbed her hand and pulled her into the house—causing her to almost melt in happiness at him grabbing her hand and held it in his. She did notice though that he held it tighter, not loose, as though he was afraid that she would disappear before his eyes.

"Um—where's your grandparents?" Helga probed to him, finding that she couldn't find Grandpa Phil in the kitchen in the parlor or in the kitchen as they passed by them.

"Grandma is out getting groceries with Susie and Grandpa just left to go camping. He said that he needed some time alone—" Arnold's voice went soft at the end and Helga squeezed his hand, causing him to whisper thanks before he went up the stairs with her trailing behind him.

They went up the attic stairs that were already down and Helga went

up and entered through the bedroom door. She was welcomed with the same sight as before. The skylight that was above her, the retro fold out red couch—the orange and yellow retro carpeted flooring. His desk off to the side, along with a newer office chair, along with a newer computer. He had the same plant that was on the window sill of his window along with the blue wallpaper around him. His bed sat off to the side with the bookshelf still there and like Helga had predicted she didn't see any photographs of Arnold's parents but instead all over the bookshelves were pictures of him and her and Gerald and Phoebe from last year. There were no photographs of them when they were eleven. That was the year that Arnold had shut himself from everyone else.

Everyone was so afraid that he was suicidal and that he would want to see his parents again. He never said anything that would signal that he was suicidal and he was watched by his grandmother—she had a sixth sense with people and she didn't feel anything or see anything in his room when she searched through it when he was in school that would let her know that he wanted to die. All that he did was say that he was depressed and he felt alone.

"So um—you need help with your English homework?" Helga asked as she went over to the fold out couch and sat down after she sat her blue backpack down in front of them. She saw that Arnold smiled when he saw that the color was blue, he always loved seeing that backpack—it was the same exact color as his cap on his head.

"Ah—yeah. I don't get Charlotte Bronte," Arnold admitted as he reached his hand back and rubbed the nape of his neck. Helga had read all of the works of the Bronte sisters but her least favorite author had to be Emily Bronte. She didn't like Wuthering Heights, completely hated it. But Jane Eyre, that was one of her favorite novels of all time.

"Alright, well let's get started," Helga smiled as she said this before she opened her backpack and brought out her notebook, where she was greeted with the notes from her English class—which she had with Arnold, ironically. She often found that he was looking off in the distance and whenever their old bat of a teacher called on him he would blush and stutter and get the answer wrong.

Helga started to talk to him about Jane Eyre and all the struggles she had gone through. Their teacher wanted them to predict what would happen in the middle of the book and Arnold was completely wrong. Helga had read the novel so many times that she just went ahead and told him an answer that was close, but not completely right, so that he wouldn't be suspected as having someone give him the answers. Arnold nodded his head and they continued onwards, until they were finished with the homework that Arnold needed help with.

When they were done, Helga started to put her things together, her heart racing in her chest. "I—I guess I should be heading home. I was happy"—

Helga was interrupted by Arnold grabbing her hand and holding onto it desperately, before he leaned forward and lightly brushed his lips against hers, just light enough for her to feel as though a feather had brushed against her lips.

"Helga!"

And then Helga found herself being swallowed by darkness and she was woken strongly by someone calling her name, enough that her eyes snapped open and she found herself looking at Phoebe, who was finished with her notes and that she had given her a soft smile.

"I'm about to leave. You fell asleep for three hours. You looked so happy and I didn't want to wake you," Phoebe told her and Helga sat upright, not seeing that Gerald was with them, which was odd "since he always stayed with Phoebe no matter how long it would take for her to study.

"Where's Gerald?" Helga asked her, her eyes scanning around, wondering if he had gone to the bathroom and that he was coming back down in a minute.

Phoebe gave a confused look to her, "what are you talking about, Helga? Gerald had basketball practice. He said that he wouldn't be heading home until late tonight, because he was going to stay a few hours later so that he could continue practicing," Phoebe informed her, causing Helga to realize that all that she had seen was a dream.

Gerald hadn't come over.

Arnold hadn't asked help for homework.

She hadn't gone over to his house.

She didn't help him with his homework.

He didn't kiss her.

A pang went through Helga's heart and when Phoebe had told her that she would call her later, Helga nodded her head and when the front door closed Helga fell down in a heap and began to cry "her arms wrapped around her.

She shielded herself away from everything, from anyone that would disturb her. She wondered how much longer she could do this. She wondered how long it would be until she would tell Arnold that she loved him, she wondered how long it would take to taint him and she wondered if Arnold would even want her to save him!

\_Author's Note: I think it's too early for them to actually kiss. It's going to be a while before they actually kiss for real. So I'm sorry for tricking you, but not really. \_

\_Here's another fact about little old me: I didn't start talking until I was three. I did baby talk. My mom took a college class on sign language and did sign language on me. She quit when I asked for candy way too much. Later that year I learned to talk.\_

\_Emmy\_

## Disclaimer on Preview

### Chapter Ten: Inner Torment

On Monday, Helga didn't want to see Arnold. She didn't want to look at those plump pink lips and those soft green eyes and she certainly didn't want to sit a row away from him and imagine running her fingers through those tufts of his and she didn't want to imagine herself sitting on his bed with him and curling her arms around him and wrapping her legs around his. She didn't want to imagine herself having his head against the crook of her neck and her shoulder blade. She didn't want to imagine him snuggling his head against her soft skin and she didn't want to imagine him kissing the side of her throat and whispering sweet nothings to her.

Walking outside with a pink light weight jacket, the sleeves rolled up to her elbows, a white muscle shirt underneath and a pair of dark washed jeans and her trademark pink conversesâ€”Helga had her hair pulled into a sloppy ponytail with the pink ribbon being her ponytail holder. She had no makeup on her except for concealer and light pink lip gloss. She walked outside, the dreary rainy gray sky above her, and went to shut the front door behind her when she saw someone standing at the bottom of the stoop steps with his hands stuck in his jean pockets.

"A-Arnold?" Helga stood there, her arm still up and near the doorknob, where it was about to shut behind her when she saw the boy standing in front of her. She blinked, once, no twice, then a third time before she reached up and slapped her faceâ€”causing her to feel the pain that came from the palm of her hand. She breathed a sigh of relief, finding that she wasn't dreaming.

"Helga!"

Helga barely had time to react before the boy ran up the stoop steps and reached her, grabbing her hand then looking carefully at her face. "Why did you do that?" he asked, concern lacing throughout his voice. He looked too adorable to the girl.

Leaning up, on his heels, with his face close to hers and his cold hand pressed against her warm cheekboneâ€”little tufts of his blond hair falling forward but not concealing his beautiful green eyes. Oh, Helga just wanted to grab him and kiss him senseless and then keep him all to herself because it felt like no one else wanted to have him.

"N-no reason," Helga responded, stuttering, as her eyes fell half lidded when she felt his hot breath whipping forward hitting her face. She smelt the mint gum that he had been chewing and it was so intoxicating and sheâ€”she justâ€”|

She leaned forward, ready to press her lips hastily against his only for him to pull away from her and going into her house. She sighed, sad and aggravated by the fact that he was so innocent and clueless! Oh, how she wanted him to get it through that clouded mind of his that she hadn't lost that love for him three years ago! She wanted, no needed closure!

She couldn't though, it wasn't the right time. She knew that there

would be a right time, but not now. Besides, she wasn't ready. Besides, she was too afraid to know if he even loved her. He never told her if he loved her, and he didn't reject her when it came to F.T.I. He justâ€|he put it off to the side, for them to deal with later.

She was so into her thoughts, into this maelstrom of emotions that she didn't expect for freezing cold to touch her stinging cheekbone. "Shit!" She took a step backwards and saw that Arnold was staring at her with a wide doe eyed look, the ice packet in his hand and she narrowed her eyes. "You could have at least warned me."

Arnold blushed, before he rubbed the nape of his neck, with the hand that didn't hold the ice packet. "S-sorry, butâ€|I justâ€|you needed something to sooth your cheek." Arnold looked down and then flickered his eyes up, not knowing that Helga was blushing herself and that she had a sheepish look across her features, enough that they both almost resembled the morning that they said the kiss that she had given him was in the heat of the moment.

"It's okay, you just shocked me. Thanks, but I think we need to be heading to school," Helga reassured him and he nodded his headâ€"before he entered her house and put it back into the freezer. Thankfully, Miriam was asleep upstairs and she wasn't downstairs. Helga didn't know how to react when it came to that.

Arnold came back outside and picked up his red backpack that he had sat off to the side, and put one of the straps on before Helga shut the front door closed behind her and locked the door behind her. The both of them headed down the stoop steps and walked in the direction of where the school was, all the while close enough to each other that Helga could have put her hand in his but no matter how much she wanted to brush her finger against his she knew that he probably wouldn't react the way that she wanted him to react.

As they walked together, Helga noticed that some other students were heading to school around them and that some of them had their teenage sibilings driving them to P.S. 118 before they would end going to the high school. Helga knew that Jamie-O took Gerald and Timberly to school and Phoebe usually was with Gerald now.

"How's your poetry doing?" Helga noticed that Arnold was flickering his eyes back and forth, from her to the street as he asked her this. If was possible, Arnold was more shy and innocent than he was when he was younger. He was her untainted angel, but his pure white feathers were slowly peeling away and all that would be left would be the two gaping holes in his backâ€"from the truth and reality of the harsh world around him, and possibly from Helga.

The reason why Helga felt as though she would taint Arnold was because of the fact that she didn't come from a good home life. Arnold had a good home life, at least he had family members that loved him. She also knew that she could be a cruel hearted Bitch and she didn't want Arnold to be with someone who was like that. She didn't want him trying to be with someone who was depressed enough that she actually thought about cutting. There had been times that she had held that razor up and tried to slice her skin and her hand would shake when she would be so close to having the metal brush against her thin skin but then she would see Arnold in her head and hear his laugh and seeing him hold her hand when she had dressed up

as Cecile.

"Good, I guess," Helga responded and shrugged her shoulders, seeing that Arnold was waiting for more information and she sighed before continuing, "I kind of lost my inspiration for a couple of years. Ever since I was wellâ€|ten. So yeahâ€|"

Arnold reached his hand and grabbed her hand, squeezing it and then whispered, "I lost a lot of myself when I was ten. I'm glad that I didn't lose you."

Helga's eyes widened and she turned her head, seeing that Arnold had pulled his hand away from hers and that they had continued onward to school. And it was there, that Helga's heart that had hundred veins of heartbreak begin to start the process of healing, she didn't know that Arnold would soon start the new process.

\_Author's note: I'm really excited about this story. Like really excited. If I ever publish some of my original stories in a publishing company would you read them? They'd be under this name too, but that's because Emmy Dana is my real name. Well it's Emily, but Emmy is my nickname.\_

\_Here's another fun fact: I've just realized that Helga is kind of like Gollum when it comes to the Lord of the Rings, and his obsession with the ring. Helga has that obsession with her locket. Of course, Lord of the Rings is my favorite trilogy everâ€|probably my favorite group of books. Oh and about the last chapter, Charlotte Bronte's Jane Eyre is my favorite classic novel. I tried to read Wuthering Heights but I personally hate love triangles and wellâ€|I was reading it at my sister's high school graduation before she walked.\_

\_Anyway, till the next chapter,\_

\_Emmy \_

## 12. Chapter Eleven: Partners in Longing

Disclaimer on preview

### Chapter Eleven: Partners in Longing

The day before the audition Helga was walking into school when she saw that one of the girls in their grade was standing in front of Arnold. The girl was a couple inches taller than Arnold and she was blushing and rubbing one of her hands against the side of her other arm. She had her light brown caramel hair pulled back in a curly ponytail and she wore a white plain sweater with dark washed jeans and a pair of converses. A denim jacket was nestled over her sweaterâ€|with little buttons on the right side of her denim jacket. It had a bunch of bands on them and she obviously was into NSYNC and The Backstreet Boys but they were the bands that Helga wasn't all that crazy about.

Slowly Helga crept closer, but was thankful that there were lots of people that were walking by to get to their lockers and to their classes. She listened into the conversation that was a few feet away from her, fear leaking from her very being at the thought of Arnold

liking someone other than her. She didn't like Lila mostly because she kept on stringing along Arnold, but other than thatâ€”she feared that there was a girl who was really interested in Arnold and Arnold would be interested in her and that girl that was interested in him and he was interested in wasn't her.

"Soâ€”Arnold, I heard that there's a project that we have to do in English and I was wondering if you wanted to be my partner?" the girl had hope in her voice as she probed this towards Arnold, but Arnold had a look of awkwardness across his features. He was actually wanting to do the project with Helga, since she was amazing with English and he never had time alone with her.

"Sorry Emma Rose, but I already was thinking about asking someone else to be my partner. You can ask Stinky, I'm sure that he wouldn't mind," Arnold supplied another candidate for Emma Rose but she wouldn't get anywhere with the nice country boy. He had already started dating Gloria two months ago and they were very happy with each other.

"Ohâ€”okay. I hope that you and Helga do a good job on the project. She's really nice and I know that you'll be in good hands," Emma Rose responded before she spun on her heels and made her way down the hallway and towards Stinky, who was standing next to Gloriaâ€”the both of them talking about asking Stinky's parents into letting Gloria go camping with them during the summer.

Helga leaned against the locker and closed her eyes, her chest beating rapidly in relief. She was thankful that Arnold didn't want to be partners with Emma Rose. Not that there was anything wrong with Emma Rose. In fact, she was one of the sweetest girls in her grade. She was always talking about wanting to become a nurse and going to poor families on the weekends to help them get the medical attention that they needed.

"Helga?"

Helga's eyes snapped open and she saw that Arnold was standing in front of her and that he had a look of curiosity that was written on his face. It was like a neon sign, letting her know that he was still obvious about everything despite the three years since they were kids.

"Oh, hey, Arnold," Helga gave him a small smile and straightened herself, so that she was hovering above him completely and he was looking up at her with that shy look now appearing on his face. Every time that he gave her that sheepish smile she wanted to grab him and kiss him senseless for being the adorable boy that she had loved for ten years.

"Iâ€”I heard that we're supposed to start a project today in English and I was wonderingâ€”if you could be my partner?" Arnold bit his lip and looked down, rubbing one of his hands against his other arm, his head drooped down and he almost expected her to say no. She was always so distant when it came to the opposite sex since San Lorenzo. She was still feisty, he had to give her backâ€”but he was so afraid that she wouldn't everâ€”.

"That's fine, Arnold. Besides, I wouldn't have said no, anyway," Helga responded to him and he suddenly snapped his head up and gave

an excited look to her, causing her to almost aw at him and grab him and hold him and tell him that he really was the most adorable being on this whole entire planet but then again, she contained herself and her longing.

"You really mean it?" Arnold excitedly asked, as he looked up at her, his green eyes brightening up at the opportunity to work with the girl.

"Of course," Helga reassured him and Arnold threw himself forward and hugged her, causing Helga to almost sigh lovingly but she barely managed to stop the sigh.

"Thanks, Helga," Arnold whispered and Helga smiled some more before she hugged him backâ€"savoring the feeling of his arms around hers.

"Alright now, break it up you two! No P.D.A."

Helga and Arnold untangled themselves away from each other and turned, seeing one of the older eighth grade teachers hovering over the both of them, scowling at them. Helga fought the urge to roll her eyes at Mrs. Cambridge, knowing that she had been here longer than her annoying science teacher. This woman was probably nearing her mid-nineties and she was still alive and healthy. Some said that she would be alive to see the apocalypse and then live through it until the earth would die.

"Now head on to your classes," she instructed and Helga did roll her eyes when she and Arnold began to walk away, the both of them still standing close to each other. Helga waited until they turned the corner and then scoffed underneath her breathâ€"calling the woman an old bat.

"Wellâ€"I'll see you later, Arnold. I have to head to class, and most of my teachers are assholes so I need to get to them before I get detention. Never thought you'd hear a nine-year-old me care about detention, did you?" Helga smiled at him some more, knowing that if she continued smiling then she would have her jaw hurting the rest of the day. But as long as it was caused from smiling at Arnold then it would all be worth it.

Arnold lightly laughed, making Helga soak in the laugh. Here it was, the second laugh that she had heard and she embraced it fully.

"Alright Helga. I'll see you in our three classes we have together. Try not to land yourself in detention for something else," Arnold advised her before he spun on his heels and headed towards his locker, where he would get his things before he would head towards his math classâ€"where he too fought against the boringness of the class.

"I see that you and Arnold are getting closer," Phoebe suddenly said, causing Helga to turn her head and see that her best friend was standing behind her. Helga nodded her head and the both of them headed towards their first class.

"I don't know whyâ€"but it's like he's trying to get himself back together. Maybe he has something that is giving him hope again," Helga said and turned her head, seeing that Phoebe was smirking and that she turned her head towards her best friend.



"Or you mean, \_someone\_. You should see the way he looks at you, it's like you put the stars into the night sky, he completely adores you," Phoebe admitted and Helga dismissed the comment despite wanting it to be true.

Could she be the reason why Arnold was fighting for a piece of his old self again?

She hoped with all of her heart she was.

\_Author's Note: I am pleased with this chapter. I hope that you enjoyed it. Next chapter it will be half of English and the other half of the chapter will be her getting ready to audition the next day. Then the chapter after that will be the audition.\_

\_Fun Fact: My mom wanted to name me Emma Rose. My dad didn't. So instead I got Emily Anne. I am the fourth person in my family with the middle name Anne. Only I'm the only one that has the e at the end.\_

\_ -Emmy \_

End  
file.